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garments fashioned apart from, and without reference to, herself.

Moreover, there are certain elements of beauty for the loss of which no splendor can compensate, and which are within the reach of the comparatively poor as well as the positively rich. One of these is softness, a beauty which never finds its way into the stiff folds of stately broadcades and imposing moire antique, yet is seen to perfection in the texture of fine merino, and other soft woolen fabrics, which catch the light and shade, and fall around the figure in such graceful folds as artists love. It would be absolute error to mar the effect of the gentle, undulating drapery by patches of trimmings, by frills, ruffles, flounces, tucks, or anything which would break the harmony of its flowing, graceful lines. But, garments of this kind might be, and would hardly fail to be, graceful and to most men worth far greater admiration than the all too elaborate and

to velvet and diamonds to excite admiration, but she would choose soft textures, and trust to the influence of more nature charms, if she desired to win love.

Women have expressed themselves as "dying" for a more antique dress, who, if they had it would find it more unbecoming than the checker-board plaids, which make Venus herself look respectable. Only tall and elegant women should ever wear fabrics so heavy and unyielding as more antique, and then the skirt would be very long, wide, still quite plain. A short, stout woman, enveloped in the unkindness of this most impracticable of all materials, blocked around with squarely to meet in such style as is frequently to be seen in a picture to make angels weep. The skirt of a rich dress should always be plain, but more gracefully if the wearer be short and

It is only a short time since it was fashionable to divide the skirts of handsome silk dresses into a series of flounces, three in number; these flounces were subdivided again by rows of brocaded trimming, which increased the cost and added to the deformative effect. A rich plain silk dress at half the cost would have been infinitely more becoming. Flounces should only be attempted in this, waving, flowing manner, in which the effect produced will be cloud like, and vapory; and the lines become harsh, or too strictly defined, the beauty of the material is lost, for regret that utility renders it necessary to shorten the skirts in this street.

There is one feature of the dress of the present day which is particularly commendable, and that is the shape of the skirt, which adds roundness to its purity, and is charmingly relieved by the little rim of embroidery which some barbarians are trying to replace by the old Vandeyke collar. Pretty scarfs and mantles have also taken away much of the stiffness and angularity which belong to the square and uncompromising shawl, and by giving diagonal lines across the shoulders and sometimes in one broad line across the entire surface, breaks the uniform

and pretenses—there is no doubt as to aid of color.—ROUND TABLE.

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The Thrush and the Caterpillar.

"Cruel bird! barbarous abuser of superior strength! What is there not enough to gratify thee on earth—its precious fruits, so sweet, so abundant—are they not sufficient, but thou must destroy life to appease thy appetite? Ah! I rejoice, the lark has risen beyond thy sight. He is hidden in yonder breezy cloud, and thou returnest humbled—defeated, it is well!"

And the thrush, who had indignantly watched the hawk on its pursuit, nestled more closely over her young brood, comparing herself, greatly to her own advantage, to the bird of prey.

"Madam," whispered a caterpillar from beneath a leaf, "I beg to apologise; but allow me to say that I am rejoiced to hear your new view of things. You breakfast

since, for fear you should lunch on me but after what you have said, my apprehensions must be groundless. You will, I am sure, henceforth confine yourself to vegetable diet."

"Humph!" muttered the thrush; "award that; it never struck me that 'people who live in glass houses' should not throw stones."

We often learn the true character of our own deeds in observing what is done by others.

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It is reported that Alexander H. Stephens, the rebel Vice-President, lies dangerously ill at Augusta.